

TO THE
King's Most Excellent Majesty, ⁸
 Giving Thanks for His
ROYAL DECLARATION
 FOR
LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE.

NO Monument, tho made of Solid Gold,
 As high as the proud Pyramids of old;
 No Marble Statue, reaching to the Skies,
Great CÆSAR can do more to Eternize
 Your Memory, and make Your Royal Name
 Sound in the Trumpet of Immortal Fame,
 Through all succeeding Ages, than this thing
 So wisely brought to pass; the World shall ring
 With loud Applause, and Children yet unborn,
 Your worth shall strive to set forth and adorn:
 While with Triumphant Joy they Celebrate
 The Day, when first You wore the Crown in State.
 That happy Monarch, in whose Nuptial Bed,
 The White Rose grew united to the Red,
 Shall not so famous in our Annals stand,
 As You for making Peace throughout the Land.
 And Your Progenitors, which did advance
 Victorious Ensigns in the Heart of *France*,
 Never such Honour, nor such Glory won,
 As by this Declaration You have done.
 Mercy in its soft Bosom carries Charms,
 More Potent to prevail, than war-like Arms;
 And Kings, like God himself, appear to Shine,
 When they are Deckt with Clemency Divine.
 No Thoughts can reach, much less can Words declare,
 What the sad Miseries of the Nation were;
 Till like a wise Physitian, You had found
 This Sovereign Balm, to heal our bleeding Wound.
Orpheus they say, in Musick had such Skill,
 That he could Tame fierce Tygers at his will;
 The Hound would court the Hare, and Lyons play
 With tender Lambs, forgetful of their Prey.
 This Fable is made good by You in part,
 And cruel Men that have the hardest Heart,

If they but listen to your Counsel Sage,
 'Twill calm their Spirit, and restrain their Rage.
 Were I a Poet, whose rich Fancy stood
 Up to the Chin in the *Castilian* Flood:
 Yet my enlarged Soul could not express
 The thousandth Part of *England's* Thankfulness.
 Nor might this Verse of mine presume to show
 To You, how much both Church and State must owe
 For such Transcendant Grace, by which You have
 Raised up many from their very Grave,
 Which there lay Dead in Law, and Slain before,
 But now Your Bounty doth to Life restore;
 You give them Rest and Safety, and have broke,
 From off their Necks, the Iron-Galling Yoke.
 Freedom for Conscience will create a Heaven
 Here upon Earth; there's nothing can be given
 More Sweet and Precious; this, and this alone,
 Ev'n in the Hearts of Men, sets up a Throne
 For Princes there to Reign, and win such Love,
 As may their strongest Guard and Fortrefs prove.
 What tho Self-seeking Men at this Repine,
 Such as can gladly Feast and swim in Wine,
 While others swim in Tears, and still would fain
 By publick Loss, increase their private Gain:
 Yet all true Friends of Peace must needs rejoyce,
 And give You Thanks with One consenting Voice.
 Upon Your Sacred Head, let Heaven pour
 The choicest Blessings in a fruitful Show'r.
 Let all Success and Happiness attend
 Your Glorious Reign, and Crown it to

The End.

Thomas Cheismán a Nonconformist Minister, living
 at Illey in Berkshire.

Cheismán (Mrs)